

The Crittenden Press.

VOL. 28.

MARION, CRITTENDEN COUNTY, KENTUCKY, NOVEMBER 29, 1906.

NUMBER 27.

OUR WONDERFUL MINERAL DEPOSITS

Interesting Report by Albert Phenix Published in the Manufacturers' Record of Nov. 22nd, 1906, on the Lead, Zinc and Fluorspar of this District.

No other part of the United States has a more unique history in the way of mineral development than the section hereabouts, and in none of these development undertakings is a more interesting character. Nevertheless, I presume I am safe in saying that the preponderating majority of the people in this world know no more of conditions in this section than I did when an invitation came to me to come over here and see what is being done in the way of fluorspar, zinc and lead development. I had seen fluorspar specimens at the magnificent State exhibit made by Kentucky at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition in St. Louis, and had vague ideas of the lead and zinc deposits Kentucky was said to contain. But when Marion was mentioned the name conveyed to me so little of intelligence as to what I would find down here that the results of my investigations are altogether in the nature of revelations to me.

The only notable effort that has been made to develop the iron industry here on a big scale was a futile undertaking made some 15 years ago by Thomas W. Lawson and Boston associates. The fine town of Grand Rivers was laid out at point where the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers come within a mile and a-half of each other. Plans for a great industrial center at Grand Rivers were made, a blast furnace was built and houses were constructed, among them a business house for Lawson made of the iron ore of the district. Numerous reasons are given for the failure of this project. The fact that although the town was on a branch of the Illinois Central Railroad, it was 25 miles away from iron ore, which had to be hauled in wagons, is considered as an entirely sufficient explanation of the failure, to go no further, although another might be suggested in the discovery made quite generally in the South following the town boom era of 15 years ago that even an altogether successful blast furnace is a wholly inadequate foundation on which to build a big industrial center.

Although this mineral district, composed, on this side of the Ohio river, of the counties of Crittenden, Caldwell, Livingston and Lyon, is at the present time under development as to fluorspar, lead and zinc to an extent and on a scientific basis not before reached, it is the belief that merely a beginning has been made, and that the next succeeding years will see a degree of development of vastly greater importance. In the light of what is expected of the district by those interested, it may be commented that nothing in the way of the marvelous has been achieved up to the present time. But it is explained that the district is plated over with mistakes, and it is declared that if a man comes in here with money and experience or with a disposition to seek or avail himself of expert advice as to conditions, geologically and mechanically, there is not a more inviting field anywhere. Some failures have been made here in the fluorspar, lead and zinc lines by parties who had little money and less experience, and who proceeded on the theory that profitable operations could be conducted from the "grass roots." On the other hand, there

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have been numerous comfortable fortunes realized out of operations here; a number of companies are now operating very profitably; but there have been no companies organized on the scale of the two operating just over the Ohio river in Hardin county, Illinois, where at Rosedale John R. McLean, the Washington and Cincinnati newspaper man and at Fairview John Mulholland, New York and Kansas City banker, are extensively engaged in fluorspar, and lead and zinc mining.

Geologically this is a unique field, and unlike any other. In a recent report made by E. O. Ulrich and W. S. Targier Smith, under the direction of the United States Geological Survey, it is declared that this district differs from others chiefly in the presence of basic igneous dikes, in the abundance of fluorite and its almost constant association with lead and zinc ores, and in the mode of the occurrence of the ores, which are found principally in true fissure veins that have resulted from fracture and subsequent faulting. Local authorities point out that the ore bodies are along fault planes and true fissure veins, and that in one of the numerous intrusive igneous dikes ore is carried as contact on each side of the dike. The displacement along the fault planes in fissures is known to exceed 1500 feet, which gives certain, 3000 ft., as the depth of the ore deposits, with every geological reason for supposing that they go even beyond that to depths where mining would be impractical. The country rocks penetrated by these fault planes and fissures are the Ste. Genevieve, St. Louis and Spergen Hill limestones, which are the same that carry the lead and zinc ores of Southwest Missouri. It is argued that at any increased depth there should be no less ore than at present. The deepest mines on either side of the Ohio river are those of the Fairview and Rosedale properties, and as they are down no more than 385 feet, it is evident that merely the surface has been scratched so far.

With these conditions, it is declared that the district needs only capital in sufficient quantities and efforts intelligently made to secure results,

THE DEKOVEN COAL & MINING COMPANY.

OPERATIONS THERE TO BE ON A MORE EXTENSIVE SCALE--\$50,000 SPENT IN IMPROVEMENTS.

The activity in this, the greatest coal field in the world, shows that the demand for coal is increasing more rapidly than coal is being mined.

On every hand there is a cry for coal and a coal famine is the prediction being made by almost every one.

It is not a question with operators now as to whether the demand for coal will equal the supply or not, but whether or not enough coal can be gotten out to meet the demand.

The plant of the DeKoven Coal & Mining Company at Dekoven is one of the largest in this section now, yet it is to be enlarged and improved so that operations may be carried on, on a more extensive scale than ever.

The company will begin at once and spend not less than \$50,000 in enlarging and improving the plant.

Mr. S. A. Scott, of Pittsburg; Mr. C. H. Bohmer, of Louisville, and Manager, S. P. Scrigg, of Dekoven, were in Morganfield Tuesday consulting with carpenters about the work and completing their plans.

The Dekoven Coal & Mining Company owns an exceedingly valuable tract of coal land, containing thousands of acres, and no matter how large the scale on which they operate this and other generations will have passed away before it is exhausted.

Mr. Percy Noggle, of this city is associated with the above firm and has been since he attained manhood. His father G. W. Noggle has been there also for many years with the same company. He is one of their most trusted and valuable employees.

Judge Nunn III.

On account of ill health, Judge Thomas Nunn, of the Kentucky court of appeals, has gone to Red Boiling Springs, Tenn., for a course of treatment.

While the Judge is at the Springs Attorney Alf Hendrick, of Paducah, his private secretary, will remain at home with his parents. The Judge expects to be at the Springs for two or three months.

Paducah News-Democrat.

AN AGED CITIZEN OF SALEM DIES.

Richard Shelby Dies at a Ripe Old Age Thursday Evening.

Richard Shelby, son of Isaac Shelby, deceased and a lineal descendant of Kentucky's first governor, died Thursday morning at 6 o'clock on his farm near Salem. Mr. Shelby was sick only a few days of pneumonia.

He was born March 9th 1834 near where he died, hence was in his 76th year. He married Miss Elvira Rebecca Frayser July 7th 1852 and she and seven children survive him. They being Dr. T. R. Shelby, of Princeton, Ky.; S. L. Shelby, Mrs. W. B. Crichton, Misses Ella, Fannie, Willie and Birdie Shelby, all of Salem vicinity.

The funeral service was held by Elder Eldred, of the Princeton, Ky., Christian church, Mr. Shelby being a member of that denomination since 1872. Mr. Shelby was a brother of Mrs. Emma Hayward of this city who is now the last member of her father's family surviving.

Death of Mr. Parrett Hinman.

Parrett Hinman, the night operator at the L. G. Depot who had been ill with pneumonia for only one week died Sunday night at 7:25. His condition was critical from the first and his family physician, Dr. Hayden of Evansville, so informed the family when he came here to see him.

His parents, sisters and brother and an uncle were all hastily summoned here and remained till the end came. The remains were carried to Evansville Monday accompanied by many members of O. R. T. to which he belonged. The interment took place Tuesday at 3 o'clock.

The death of this fine young man is especially distressing, as he was only twenty-one years of age and in the prime of his young manhood. He was sober, and industrious and holding a position of trust and responsibility. The family have our sympathy in their deep affliction.

MEET HONORABLE DEFEAT FRIDAY NIGHT

Marion High School Debaters Were Defeated by The Debaters at Morganfield

PUBLIC OPINION WAS THAT MARION WON—ANOTHER MEET SOON

INTERVIEW WITH PROF. KEE

On Friday afternoon Nov. 23, Prof. Kee and Miss Maggie Moore, of Marion Graded Schools, and a number of students accompanied the debaters, to Morganfield, who were chosen to represent the Marion school in joint debate with Morganfield school. Prof. Kee on being interviewed reports the following:

Our party consisting of about seventeen students and teachers, on arriving at Morganfield was met at the station by several hundred enthusiastic school people, wearing their colors, with yells and hearty greetings. Upon inquiry of Prof. Burton to know who was not yet provided with entertainment, it was found that about all of our people had gotten lost in the crowd nor could their whereabouts accurately be determined until they put in their appearance at the Grand Opera House. Judging from their contentment they had all had supper and from their smiles it could be easily seen that each beau had caught a Morganfield belle and that several beaux had found Marion belles. The speakers had accompanied their teacher to the hotel and as theirs was to be a more serious task they were wearing more serious aspects until they were introduced to the Morganfield representatives and had had it explained to them how that the Morganfield speakers were going to make extemporaneous speeches and that the notes they had written were not at all to be used as is sometimes done by those who are in the habit of forgetting their speeches.

A well selected music program had been arranged to come between the speeches and at the beginning and the end of debate. After reading of the question and introductory remarks by Prof. Burton, Mr. Paul Schmidt took his position before the audience of about 600 people and after defining the question began trying to persuade them and the judges that the U. S. is following in the foot-steps of ancient Rome. Mr. Gray Rochester followed fast with a masterful effort and judging from the enthusiastic cheers of the audience he had quite convinced them of the superiority of the Anglo Saxon race, representing them as a people who in history have not followed any nation. Miss Verlie Coffman next took the floor on behalf of the affirmative and in a nine minutes speech did what she could to reinforce her colleague Mr. Schmidt.

Miss Fenwick Wathen was now ready with a fifteen minute speech and seemed to cover every point that the affirmative had introduced. She pointed out the characteristic differences that have always existed between the government of the U. S., and that of Rome and convinced all present of her intimate knowledge of current events and modern politics.

Mr. Thomas Waller now took the stand for Morganfield and did full credit to his side of the argument. Mr. Waller was by far the strongest speaker that the affirmative had.

But Miss Annie Dean was determined that the negative should not suffer for a worthy advocate and in a sixteen minute of well prepared lucid

(Continued on Fifth Page)

I DON'T LIKE WIND!

If you want to get Goods from a place where satisfaction is guaranteed, COME HERE! Money back if the Goods don't suit you.

NO SKIN GAME NOR FAKE SCHEME!

None but the Best For the least Money

Suits \$2.75 to \$15.00, any and all Sizes and Kinds

Yours truly, (and its no LIE)

**Sam Howerton,
KELSEY, KENTUCKY**

ETTLINGER CLOTHES



BEST SHOES ON EARTH

This is the store that clothes a whole family when You have a limited amount of money to spend.

None of them will have to go without anything if you work and spend your money here.



HIGH ART CLOTHING
Never Gets Out Of Shape



ETTLINGER CLOTHES

STAND LOYAL AND TRUE TO OLD TIME DEMOCRACY

W. F. Cowper Urges The Democrats of Crittenden and Livingston counties To Support

ROBERT S. PARIS FOR REPRESENTATIVE

To my friends who stood by me nobly, in my struggle for the honor of the nomination for Representative. I can only say, nature cannot be so lenient with time to me as to enable me to ever repay you for your generous support. Words fail me to express to you my gratitude. May your future be strewn with roses of bliss, prosperity and happiness.

To those who voted against me, I have no condemnation: nothing but words of praise and commendation for your judgement in voting just as every patriot should vote, for the man of your choice. May your choice be blessed with rich fruits for the good of the whole people, without regard to any creed or political faith. To all alike who participated in the recent primary, and to all other democrats and friends of good government in both counties let me appeal to you to stand as loyal and true to the principles of old time democracy as I have ever stood, and all my people; if you do, success will again crown the brow of my successful opponent, Mr. Robert S. Paris, than whom, no better democrat lives. Stand by him loyal and true, for next year is time of real trouble.

There are no sore spots on me; for I come from a family of democrats whose blood is pure and is not corrupted or tainted with anything except pure democracy; there have never, nor never will be any sulking or soreness by any of my family or friends. I pledge the united and solid support of every friend of mine to Mr. Robert S. Paris, my worthy opponent and our next representative.

With best wishes, I beg to remain,
Your most humble servant,

W. F. COWPER.

Appeal for the Children.

A touching appeal is being sent out by the Kentucky Children's Home Society of Louisville, for a generous Thanksgiving remembrance. This is a long-established custom of the society which usually meets with a generous response. This year, however, on account of the recent political campaign and other counter-causes, the society finds itself sorely in need of funds. The expense of accomplishing the rapid-expanding work and of fulfilling its full duty to the great mass of destitute children of the state, is being greater, and unless the public come to the aid of the institution the work will be greatly hampered this year. Destitute children are coming to the

care of the society at the rate of more than 100 a month, and the expense is necessarily great. The society is being asked on every hand to take charge of the orphans and abandoned children from every county in Kentucky, and its policy is not to turn a deaf ear to those entreaties. To continue this work it is necessary to call upon the public for a generous response to this Thanksgiving appeal.

Please address checks or currency to KENTUCKY CHILDREN'S HOME SOCIETY,

2116 VON BORRIES AVE.
LOUISVILLE, KY.

NEW ELDERADO

THIS DISTRICT IS SO CHRISTENED BY WELL-KNOWN MINER.

A prominent mineral man largely interested in mines recently visited this district. He writes the Press as follows:

The mineral out look for the "New Eldorado to my mind, is very bright, and will continue to grow more so from year to year as developments progress—so far only the surface has been scratched. When the miners reached a depth of five hundred feet and over, your district will far famed. Give out the "mining news" I find that the Klondike on the Cumberland which was burned out last December had been rebuilt better than ever and that the output for August and September was about thirty tons per day—of first grade grindery spar, and should this continue three-hundred work days in the year t'would equal nearly half the output of the entire western Kentucky district for 1905 as shown in State Geologist Norwoods report published in the Press last week. The company now operating this wonderful mine, "The Cumberland River Mining Co" of Pittsburgh, are strong and progressive and mean "business"—keep your eye on the old Klondike which may probably be known under the new name as the St. John mine.

PINEY CREEK MEETING.

The meeting began the first Sunday in November and continued two weeks and the church was much revived. There were seven additions to the church by baptism. Many Christians that were living in a lukewarm state came out boldly for Christ and this cause.

The good seed that were sown during this series of meetings will spring up the glory of God. Bro. Thomas Woodall, the organist, was present and assisted in the singing. The pastor Rev. J. W. Vaughn did the preaching, and he was blessed and made happy by seeing so much good result, from his consecrated labor. To God be all the glory. J. R. M.

MATRIMONIAL ADVERTISEMET.

"A poor devil seeks a rich angel."

THE KENTUCKY SYNOD.

Largest Attendance and Most Enthusiastic Session Held in Its History.

Kentucky Synod of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church met according to adjournment with Hopkinsville congregation, in the city of Hopkinsville, Ky., Tuesday, Oct. 30, 1906, 7:30 p. m. The sermon was preached by Rev. M. M. Smith, the retiring Moderator, and the constituting prayer and offering by Rev. J. T. Barbee. The office of Stated Clerk and Treasurer was declared vacant, the Rev. T. N. Williams having gone off with the Presbyterian Church U. S. A. Eld. E. B. McUne was made Clerk pro tem. Synod then adjourned until 8:30 Wednesday morning to complete its organization. After reading the minutes of the evening before, the clerk proceeded to call the roll. One hundred and thirty-six delegates responded. Rev. J. T. Barbee, of Owensboro Presbytery, was unanimously made Moderator, and Elder E. B. McUne Stated Clerk and Treasurer. Among the visiting brethren were Rev. J. L. Hudgins, of Union City, Tenn., Rev. Thos. Ashburn, Evansville, Ind., Rev. W. H. McLesky, of Fulton, Ky., Judge Joe H. Fussell of Columbia, Tenn., Judge W. B. Young, of Clarksville, Tenn., and Hon. R. L. Baskette of Nashville, Tenn. All these brethren made inspiring talks, and made us glad on account of their optimistic views. Much work was done, and more spiritual power manifested than for many years. It was said that this meeting of Synod was three times as large as any proceeding meeting of this body, and that, too, with another body in session, one square away, styling itself Kentucky Synod "A" of the Presbyterian Church U. S. A. If it can carry that name for one year, or until the meeting at Owensboro, Ky., Oct. 1907, I suppose it will survive and shed its scandal appendage and put on full grown airs. The synod appointed a member from each Presbytery in its bounds to fill the vacancies caused by the retiring of old members of the Board of Synodical Church Extension. The Board was reorganized with Rev. B. H. Henderson, President; Rev. J. A. Bozarth, Vice President and J. L. Price, Secretary and Treasurer. The other members of the Board are Rev. J. T. Barbee, of Owensboro Presbytery, Rev. D. W. Folks, of Mayfield Presbytery, and Dr. J. F. Hendricks, of Logan Presbytery. One hundred and twenty-seven dollars in cash was raised for Home Missions to be used in defraying Synodical expenses and such other work as may be directed by Synod. Pledges were taken for general Legal Fund, to be held by the Secretary and Treasurer of the Board of Synodical Church Extension, to the amount of five hundred and thirty-one dollars (\$531). The ladies met and reorganized their State work

THE above picture of the man and fish is the trademark of Scott's Emulsion, and is the synonym for strength and purity. It is sold in almost all the civilized countries of the globe. If the cod fish became extinct it would be a world-wide calamity, because the oil that comes from its liver surpasses all other fats in nourishing and life-giving properties. Thirty years ago the proprietors of Scott's Emulsion found a way of preparing cod liver oil so that everyone can take it and get the full value of the oil without the objectionable taste. Scott's Emulsion is the best thing in the world for weak, backward children, thin, delicate people, and all conditions of wasting and lost strength.

Send for free sample.

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80c. and \$1.00. All druggists.

by electing a full list of officers, taking the places of the old officers, as most or all of them were under the influence of the seceders.

This was, by all means, the largest and most enthusiastic Synod ever held in the State of Kentucky. Thursday morning, at the conclusion of the devotional services, there was a pentecostal outpouring of divine grace that will never be forgotten by those present. Many other things were said and done that deserves notice, but space will not permit.

Synod adjourned Thursday, Nov. 1st, 1906, at 4 p. m., to meet at Bowling Green, Ky., Tuesday after the 4th Sunday in Oct. 1907, 7:30 p. m. REV. J. L. PRICE, Providence Ky.

No Need Hunting for Santa Claus!

He has his stock of Toys, Dolls, China, Glassware, Notions, in fact everything for young or old at

Fohs' 5c and 10c Store

THE PRESS, \$1.00 per year.

Closing Out at Cost!

Having decided to close out my stock of General Merchandise at this place at COST and less I will sell you

GOODS FOR CASH

Cheaper than they were ever sold in Crayneville.

Anyone looking for a Good Stand for business can get a bargain from me by buying the whole stock.

All who owe me on account or by note, will please call and settle same at once as I need the money to pay my bills. Yours,

J. F. CANADA,
Crayneville, Ky.

A Kensington undertaker displays this sign
"When all Doctors fail, come to me." A man in Marion has said: "When your tooth won't stop painin', go to Dr. Stilwell."

DR. F. S. STILWELL
DENTIST

OFFICE OVER MARION BANK.

MARION.

KENTUCKY.

Office Phone 555.

"It Didn't Hurt a Bit."

Residence Phone 179.

J. H. GRADY, President
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Marion Milling Co.

Takes the lead when it comes to first-class Flour and dont you forget it. See!

YOU MUST TRY OUR
"ELK" Best Patent
"Crown" Straight Grade

WHY IMPORT OUR PRODUCT?

Where is there another mill in Western Kentucky that only makes 100 cent of their wheat into Patent Flour.

SIGHT US!

We cannot be downed in price or quality, and then we know how to treat you; we show our customers every courtesy.

Yours for more trade,

The Marion Milling Company.

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HEARTS and MASKS



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BOBBINS MARSHALL CO.

BY HAROLD MACGRATH
AUTHOR OF THE MAN ON THE BOX ETC.

This time we eashed the stone steps without interference. I gave the candle to the girl, cautiously put a shoulder against one of the doors, and gave a gentle heave. It was not locked. Through the thin crack I looked out upon the bright world of moonshine and crystal. Instantly I permitted the door to settle into its accustomed place. I readily understood the burglar's reasons. Seated upon box, less than a dozen feet away, and blissfully smoking one of the club's cigars, sat a burly policeman. So they had arrived upon the scene!

"What is it?" asked the girl, as I motioned her to retreat.

"The worst has come; the police!" dramatically.

"Gracious heavens, this is frightful! We shall never get out now. Oh dear! Why did I ever come? It will be in the papers, with horrid pictures. We ought not to have left the ball room. Our very actions will tell heavily against us. Awful!"

Now, don't you worry. They will not take any notice of you once they set eyes upon me. Home sun! They are looking for me. There's only one superfluous ten of hearts. I have it."

But I shall be found with you, and the stupid police will swear I am an accomplice." She wrung her hands.

But no jewels will be found upon me. I argued half-heartedly.

They will say we have already disposed of them.

But the real burglar—"

They will say that he came into the cellar at our bidding."

This girl was terribly reasonable and direct.

"Hang it! I know Teddy Hamilton, the M. F. H. He'll go my bail, and yours, too, for that matter. Come, let's not give up. There must be some other way out."

I wish I might believe it. Why did I come?—a bit of a wall stealing into the anger in her voice.

This is Tom Fool's Night, and no mistake," I assented reluctantly.

But I am a bigger fool than you.

An alibi? Why on earth, then, did you follow me? What is your alibi?

Never mind now. We should still be in this miserable cellar," briefly. What a night! Am so ashamed! I shall be horribly compromised."

I'll take the brunt of it all. I'm sorry, but, for the love of Heaven, don't cry, or I shall lose what little nerve I have left."

I am not crying," she denied emphatically. "My inclination is to shriek with laughter. I'm hysterical. And who wouldn't be, with police officers and cells staring one in the face?" Let us be going. That policeman outside will presently hear us whispering if we stand here much longer."

There was wisdom in this. So, once again I took the candle, and we marched back. There wasn't a single jest left in my whole system, and it didn't look as if there was ever going to be another supply. We took the other side of the furnace, and at length came to a flight of wooden stairs, leading somewhere into the club. It was our last chance, or we should be obliged to stay all night in some bin; for it would not be long before they searched the cellars. If this flight led into the kitchen, we were saved, for I could bluff the servants. We paused. Presently we ascended, side by side, with light but firm step. We reached the landing in front of the door without mishap. From somewhere came a puff of air which blew out the candle. I struck

CHAPTER VI.

I stood with folded arms, awaiting his approach. Nonchalance is always respected by the police. I must have presented a likely picture, however—my face blackened with coldness, cobwebs stringing down over my eyes, my Capuchin gown soiled and rent. The girl quietly took her place beside me.

"So you took a chance at the cellars, eh?" inquired the detective unctuously. "Well you look it. Will you go with us quietly, or shall we have to use force?"

"In the first place, what do you and your police want of me?" I returned coolly.

He exhibited his star of authority. "I am Haggerty of the Central Office. I want you for several things."

"Several things?" I stared at him stupidly. "Several things?" Then it came to me, with a jar like an earthquake. The story in the newspaper returned to my vision. Oh, this was too much, altogether too much! He took me to be the fashionable thief for whom half the New York police force were hunting. My sight swam for a moment in a blur.

"What is it you think I have done?" I demanded.

"You have, or have had, several thousand dollars' worth of gems on your person tonight."

I shrugged. The accusation was so impossible that my confidence remained.

"Mr. Haggerty, you are making a stupid mistake. You are losing time besides. I am not the man for whom you are hunting. My name is Richard Comstak."

"One name or another, it does not matter."

Plenty of gall, murmured one of the minions of the law, whom I afterward learned was the chief of the village police.

The card by which you gained admittance here," demanded the great Haggerty touchingly.

I surrendered it. A crowd had by this time collected curiously about us. I could see the musketeers on the stage peering over the plants.

"The thief you are looking for has gone," said I. "He escaped by the coal window." By this statement my heart sank deeper still.

What did I tell you?" cried Haggerty, turning to his men. "They had an accomplice hidden in the cellars."

"I beg to inform you that you are making a mistake that will presently cost you dear,"—thinking of the political pull my uncle had in New York. "I am the nephew of Daniel Witherpoon."

"Worse and worse!" said the chief of police.

"We shall discuss the mistake later and at length. Of course you can easily explain how you came to impose upon these people,"—ironically. "Bah! The game is up. When you dropped that card in Friar's and said you were going to a masquerade, I knew your game in a minute, and laid eyes upon you for the first time since I began the chase. I've been after you for weeks. Your society dodge has worked out, and I'll land you behind the bars for some time to come, my gay boy. Come,"—roughly.

"I request Mr. Hamilton to be called. He will prove to you that you are greatly mistaken." Everything looked pretty black. I can tell you.

"You will see whom you please, but only after you are safely landed in the lockup. Now, Madame,"—turning

swiftly upon the Blue Domino, "what is your part in this fine business?"

"It certainly has no part in yours,"—icily.

Haggerty smiled. "My skin is very thick. Do you know this fellow?"

She shook her head. He stood undecided for a space.

"Let me see your card."

"I decline to produce it,"—haughtily.

Haggerty seemed staggered for a moment. "I am sorry to annoy you, but you must be identified at once."

"And wh?"—proudly. "Was it forbidden to go into the club cellars for such harmless things as apples?"

"Apples?" I looked at her admiringly. "Apples?" repeated Haggerty. "Couldn't you have sent a servant for them?"

She did not reply.

"You were with this clever gentleman in the cellars. You may or may not be acquainted with him. I do not wish to do anything hasty in regard to yourself, but your position is rather equivocal. Produce your card and be identified—if you really can."

"I refuse!"

"Nonsense!" I objected. "On my word of honor, I do not know this lady. Our presence in the cellar was perfectly harmless. There is no valid reason for detaining her. It is an outrage!"

"I am not going to stand here arguing with you," said Haggerty. "Let the lady produce her card; let her disclose her identity. That is simple enough."

"I have already given you my determination on that subject," replied the girl. "I can very well explain my presence here, but I absolutely decline to explain it to the police."

I didn't understand her at all. She had said that she possessed an alibi. Why didn't she produce it?

So the two of us left the gorgeous ball-room. Every one moved aside for us, and quickly, too, as if we had had the plague. I looked in vain for Hamilton. He was a friend in need. We were taken into the steward's office and the door was shut and locked. The band in the ball-room went galloping through a two-step, and the gaiety was in full swing again. The thief had been rounded up! How the deuce was it going to end?

"I can not tell you how sorry I am to have mixed you up in this," I said to the girl.

"You are in no manner to blame. Think of what might have happened had you blown up the post-office!"

She certainly was the least embarrassed of the two of us. I addressed my next remark to the great Haggerty.

"Did you find a suitable pistol in Friar's?"

"A man in my business," said Haggerty mildly, "is often found in such places. There are various things to be recovered in pawnshops. The gentleman of this club sent me the original ten of hearts, my presence being necessary at such big entertainments. And when I saw that card of yours, I was so happy that I nearly put you on your guard. Lord, how long I've been looking for you! I give you credit for being a clever rascal. You have fooled us all nicely. Not a soul among us knew your name, nor what you looked like. And but for that card, you might still be at large. Until the lady submits to the simple process of identification, I shall be compelled to look upon her as treat her as an accomplice." She has refused the offer I have made her, and she can not blame me if I am suspicious, when to be suspicious is part of my business." He was reasonable enough in regard to the girl.

He exhibited his star of authority.

"I am Haggerty of the Central Office. I want you for several things."

"Several things?" I stared at him stupidly. "Several things?" Then it came to me, with a jar like an earthquake. The story in the newspaper returned to my vision. Oh, this was too much, altogether too much! He took me to be the fashionable thief for whom half the New York police force were hunting. My sight swam for a moment in a blur.

"What is it you think I have done?" I demanded.

"You have, or have had, several thousand dollars' worth of gems on your person tonight."

I shrugged. The accusation was so impossible that my confidence remained.

"Mr. Haggerty, you are making a stupid mistake. You are losing time besides. I am not the man for whom you are hunting. My name is Richard Comstak."

"One name or another, it does not matter."

Plenty of gall, murmured one of the minions of the law, whom I afterward learned was the chief of the village police.

The card by which you gained admittance here," demanded the great Haggerty touchingly.

I surrendered it. A crowd had by this time collected curiously about us. I could see the musketeers on the stage peering over the plants.

"The thief you are looking for has gone," said I. "He escaped by the coal window." By this statement my heart sank deeper still.

What did I tell you?" cried Haggerty, turning to his men. "They had an accomplice hidden in the cellars."

"I beg to inform you that you are making a mistake that will presently cost you dear,"—thinking of the political pull my uncle had in New York. "I am the nephew of Daniel Witherpoon."

"Worse and worse!" said the chief of police.

"We shall discuss the mistake later and at length. Of course you can easily explain how you came to impose upon these people,"—ironically. "Bah! The game is up. When you dropped that card in Friar's and said you were going to a masquerade, I knew your game in a minute, and laid eyes upon you for the first time since I began the chase. I've been after you for weeks. Your society dodge has worked out, and I'll land you behind the bars for some time to come, my gay boy. Come,"—roughly.

"Yes, sir. You can rely upon us, Mr. Haggerty. Billy, go down with Mr. Haggerty and show him my rig."

"Good!" said Haggerty. "It's been a fine night's work, my lads, a fine night's work. I'll see that all get some credit. Permit no one to approach the prisoners without proper authority."

"Your orders shall be obeyed to the letter," said the chief importantly. He already saw his name figuring in the New York papers as having assisted in the capture of a great thief.

I cursed under my breath. If it hadn't been for the girl, I am ashamed to confess, I should have cussed out loud. She sat rigid and motionless. It must have been cruel ordeal for her. But what was puzzling me was the fact that she made not the slightest effort to spring her alibi. If I had had one! Where was Hamilton? I scarcely inclined to the idea of sleeping in jail in a dress-suit.

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"Your orders shall be obey

Your Overcoat and Suit ARE HERE



YOU
NEED NOT BE
EXTRAVAANT
To Dress well for our
Clothes

Have the Style and our
Prices

Are not High

WE FIT
Men, Young Men
and Boys

ALL SHAPES
ALL SIZES

TAKE A LOOK
AT OURS

The Right Kind
of Clothes at

The Right Kind
of Prices

HIGH.....IN.....QUALITY LOW....IN....PRICE

And that exactly, is with the goods we sell

Of course, you have heard all this before and you're a bit doubtful. But look here! Since it's so little trouble to verify our claims and make sure whether you ARE buying to the best advantage, why don't you call and see

Best Stock in the Country of

Dress Goods, Dry Goods, Silks, Hosiery, Rugs
Carpets, Mattings, Druggets, Hats,
Clothing, Shoes, Cloaks, Furs

CUT PRICES ON

CLOAKS AND FURS
Ours Have Style

The Store That Suits You in Every Way

YANDELL-GUGENHEIM COMPANY

Solid Shoes With Style

ARE OUR KIND

Goodwear Shoes

That Fit

The Best Shoes Made

ARE OUR KIND

We have a Complete Stock

FOR

Men—Women—Children



SEE OUR

House Slippers

WALK OVER SHOES

FOR MEN

The Crittenden Press

S. M. JENKINS Editor and Publisher.

Entered as second-class matter June 26th, 1892,
at the postoffice at Marion, Ky., under the Act of
Congress of March 3d, 1879.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION
CASH IN ADVANCE.

Single copies mailed.....
1 month mailed to any address.....
3 months.....
6 months.....
1 year.....
5 years.....
500

THURSDAY, NOV. 29, 1906

If a man can build a better house or a better mouse trap than his competitor the world will make a beaten path to his house though he set up in the wilderness."—EMERSON.

Minister John J. Tigert, who died last week in Tulsa Indian Territory, whether he had gone to preside over the "Indian Mission Conference" was well known here. He held a special service here two years ago at the Methodist church and was the guest on that visit of C. S. Nunn. On a previous visit at the time of the meeting of the conference in this city he was entertained at the home of W. Blue. He preached at several times here at the different churches and was considered one of the best ministers, in the conference.

Married at the Crittenden Hotel.

Mr. John W. Holman and Miss Allie Culley, a handsome couple, of the east end of the county were married in the parlors of the hotel Crittenden last Thursday at high noon. John Culley and Miss Lena Holman accompanied them and at the same hour another couple equally as attractive as the other, were also married. They were Mr. Hugh Witherell, Jr., of Wheatcroft and Mrs. Rosa A. Day, of Providence, Rev. T. A. Clegg, who tied the knot and the three happy couples, returned to their respective homes.

A Small Fire.

Wednesday night about midnight the photograph gallery on the corner of Main and Bellevue streets owned by Kington & Crider caught fire in an unaccountable way and the roof and contents were destroyed. The loss which amounted probably to \$200 was insured for \$100. The firm recently suffered a loss from a gasoline explosion and their friends will regret to hear of this new misfortune.

Gone West to Spend The Winter.

Dr. and Mrs. T. H. Cossitt left Saturday night at 11 o'clock for Chicago where they took the Santa Fe limited trans continental train for El Paso, Texas., where they have gone to spend the winter with their sons Frank and Pate who resides there. Dr. Cossitt and his esteemed wife are highly esteemed here. He has resided here for nearly forty years, having come here soon after the war from Madisonville. He was born at Princeton three-fourth of a century ago. Merchantized at Salem several years and removed to New Hampshire and from there to Madisonville and then to Marion. Mrs. Cossitt was born and raised here and has lived here practically all her life. They have raised an excellent family and as their daughters are all married they have taken this trip to get the benefit of the climate and to be with their sons, which will be a great pleasure to them especially during the winter, as the climate there is delightful.

Gill House Arrivals.

Some of those who registered at the Gill House on the 26th inst.

W. H. Leslie, Ashland, Ohio, Mr. and Mrs. Rector and children, Hampton; H. C. McCord, Hampton; Miss R. J. Bowling, Crofton; C. E. Koon, Crofton; Wm. L. Karny, Evansville; W. B. Haywood, Hanson, T. L. Phillips, Dycusburg; J. P. Brissey, Dycusburg; P. K. Cooksey, Dycusburg; J. C. Griffin, Dycusburg; T. C. Campbell, Dycusburg; W. L. Bennett, Dycusburg; John Hodge, Frances; H. D. Leech, Blackford; Miss Allie Vaughn, Blackford.

ATTENTION

If any of my work has proven unsatisfactory during the past three years please call at my office at once.

Very respectfully,

F. W. NUNN

Dentist

Office

Rooms 3 and 4 Jenkins Bldg.

MARION, KY.

NEW SALEM.

Born.—To the wife of Allen Kirk, Nov. 22nd, a son.

W. C. Tyner is visiting his children in Arkansas.

This part of Crittenden county was visited last week by some of the heaviest rains in twenty years.

Mrs. Ella Templeman, of Princeton, Ky., was the guest of her relatives the Harpendings last week.

Miss Bulah Austin is visiting her grandparents at Pinkneyville.

Do right, live an honest life and the devil will take to the bushes.

Mrs. Tier, of Christian county, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Ladd, of this section.

A few good crops of tobacco remain unsold in this section.

Some of our people have gone to the river to assist the river men in getting their corn out ahead of the high water.

Your correspondent has occasion to mix with all classes of our people and we want to say right here that we are no spring chicken, by that we mean we have seen a few of the years go by in our time, and we say with out fear of consideration that no man in the past forty years ever saw better times for all classes of the people, especially the good people of old Crittenden. Seven-tenths of our citizens owe no man a dollar, on one-half have a neat little bank account, with plenty in their garners for the coming winter, good schools, churches where every one may worship the Master. According to the dictates of his consciousness, who can say that times are not good, we admit that there some who through sickness and death the clouds of adversity seem to gather thickly around them, but we are thankful that they are few and we know that when ever an appeal is made by the low needy ones, there is no people on Gods earth who respond more quickly to the cry of distress than the good citizens of old Crittenden county.

HEBRON, KY.

Mr. John Vaughn and family returned from Missouri last week. Jno. says he likes Missouri but likes Kentucky better.

Mr. Raymond Babb was in this vicinity last week on business.

Paris Bros., Bayless, Lou and Andy, killed thirty hogs last Thursday.

Joseph Hopson and John Vaughn, went to Marion last Wednesday and returned Thursday.

Henry Truitt, of Opossum Ridge, passed through these parts last week.

Jas. Daughtry returned from Missouri last week to gather his corn.

Mrs. Marion Smart is on the sick list this week.

The Ohio river is hurrying the farmers in the bottoms to get their corn out. Some of them took advantage of the Sabbath.

Edward P. Smith, the Tolu Banker and telephone man was in our section last Friday looking over the proposed telephone route.

Mr. Ed Love, of Murphysboro, Ill., is in this section looking after his corn crop.

The surveyors were in our midst last week surveying for mineral.

Miss Nannie Campbell, our teacher, made a flying visit to her home in Livingston county last Sunday. She was accompanied by Ora Clark, Henret Easley, Addie Alves, Ruth Cook, Harvey Clark and Ray Daughtry.

Remember the prayer meeting at this place every Sunday evening at 3 o'clock.

John M. Phillips, of Colon neighborhood has been confined to his bed for several days with something like pneumonia.

Thanksgiving exercises at our school house Thursday evening, and a spelling match at night between our school and the Colon school.

Henry Phillips is the boss trapper on Hurricane creek.

Redford Yates and family of Sheridan visited friends in this section last Sunday.

Wm. Barley has built a new house and has moved into it for the purpose of selling goods near Sam Flanary's.

LILY DALE.

Everybody in this section is busy stripping tobacco.

Mr. Joel Thoore is preparing to move to Marion.

W. P. Loyd has sold to the Paducah Cooperage Company, \$1000 worth of timber.

We expected some of our folks to step off Thursday night and get the set of furniture, but this is not much of a marrying section.

Solid Shoes With Style

ARE OUR KIND

Goodwear Shoes

That Fit

The Best Shoes Made

ARE OUR KIND

We have a Complete Stock

FOR

Men—Women—Children

SEE OUR

House Slippers

WALK OVER SHOES

FOR MEN

Approaching Marriage.

Mrs. Harriet Ann Donakey requests the honor of your presence at the marriage of her daughter Lena Maria to Mr. William Dinwiddie Baird Thursday evening. December the sixth nineteen hundred and six at seven o'clock Cumberland Presbyterian church Marion, Kentucky.

The above card announcing the approaching nuptials of Miss Donakey to W. D. Baird have been received in the city to friends of the couple.

Miss Donakey is the youngest daughter of the late Dr. Donakey and has resided here with her mother for some time, admired and beloved by a host of friends. The groom is a general favorite and well-known throughout the state. He is a Hendersonian by birth but has resided here for several years. He is indeed fortunate in winning the hand and heart of so winsome a creature as Miss Donakey for his life partner.

BETTER SEND YOUR FAMILY WASHING MONDAY

A Prominent Housewife

Remarked that Linen Sent to Us was Returned

Spotlessly White

SHIRT WAISTS Laundered Without Fading	Family WASHINGS 5 Cents per Pound All flat Work Ironed	Pressing and Cleaning Clothes a Specialty
--	--	---

Wilson's Steam Laundry

PERFECT WORK

South Main Street

Phone 99.

Our Wagons Go Everywhere in Marion.

GET BUSY NOW!

If you want to save Money. An ounce of **NOW** is worth a ton of **TO-MORROW**

If You want to purchase from the best line of

Clothing

Ever shown in Marion, whether in Suits for Men and Boys, Extra Pants, Overcoats or Cravettes,

We will Save you Money on each Purchase



We Believe
You want to save money when buying

**CLOAKS
AND
JACKETS**
Or any kind of
**DRESSES
GOODS**

And if this is the case it will pay you to see our line and get

Our Prices!

Carpets
Druggets
Rugs
And
Matting

Underwear
And
Hosiery
Direct
From
The
Mills

With no Trouble

"Afoot"

There is no Trouble
"Ahead"

Then try our Line of

Footwear

W. L. Douglas
For Men and

Duttenhoffer
For Ladies

You won't regret it but will
Buy them Again!

NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS
AND A PLEASURE TO PLEASE

• TAYLOR & CANNAN •

MASONIC
TEMPLE

PERSONALS

F. W. Nunn, dentist, Press Building.

Leonard Lowery, of Salem, was in the city Thursday.

John and Ellen Ashbridge, of Jackson vicinity were here Friday.

McConnel's parlor barber shop, gives first-class baths, hot or cold.

The firms which get the business are those that advertise in the PRESS.

Mrs. R. Haynes was in Evansville on a shopping expedition last week.

Rush Stephenson and wife and two children went to Frederonia Saturday at noon.

Rufus Robinson has built a neat cottage on his lot in North Marion, and will occupy it soon.

WANTED—White shucked corn will pay the highest market price.

MARION MILLING CO.

Mrs. J. M. Walker, of Iron Hill, passed through the city Saturday enroute to Farmersville to visit her children.

Call at Mrs. Love's and see her novelties in combs, neckwear and belts. Don't forget the hats have been reduced.

TO POLICY HOLDERS

OF THE

German Insurance Co
OF FREEPORT

Upon presentation at this office we will endorse all policies of the German of Freeport and give a guarantee that the contract will be fulfilled as expressed in the policy.

This guarantee will be made good by the

Royal Insurance Co
OF LIVERPOOL

Examine all your policies and if any are found to be written in the German of Freeport forward here at once.

Geo. M. Grider & Co.
MARION, KY.

F. W. Nunn, dentist, Press Building

S. T. Dupuy is confined at his home with erysipelas.

Stewart's pictures are all good, he retouches his work.

Mrs. Love has some pretty pattern hats. Now is the time to buy.

Mrs. Percy Noggle has been quite ill at her home on south main street, with tonsilitis, but is reported better.

Miss Nannie Dean has pneumonia, Dr. Trisler is attending her, she has been very sick but is reported better.

Call on J. L. Stewart and see the fine photos he will make you for Xmas.

If you want something nice for Christmas, go and have Stewart to make your pictures.

Stewart will make you a picture of yourself on cloth which you can wash and iron, and it won't fade out.

Patience is a plant that grows not in all gardens. Dr. Frederick S. Stilwell over Marion Bank.

Remember the concert December 10th for the benefit of the sixth grade in the public school.

Senator N. W. Utley, of Eddyville, was here on legal business Monday.

Dr. W. T. Daugherty has rented the Glenn house, and will move to it as soon as J. I. Clement's family vacates.

There are no vacant houses rented in Marion, and a great demand for houses from people who desire to move here.

Mr. and Mrs. J. I. Clement have rented the Frank Summerville house on Bellville street, and will occupy it December first.

Charlie Donaky will move to Marion with his family as soon as he can make arrangements for a home to suit him.

"He mouths a sentence as curs mouth a bone." Get your teeth fixed by Dr. Frederick Stilwell Dentist over Marion Bank.

Mrs. Emma Hayward and Miss Cora Graves, of Dyersburg, attended the funeral of Richard Shelby at Salem, returning here Saturday evening.

"Men deal with life as children with their play, who first misuse them, cast their toys away." Dr. Frederick S. Stilwell the Dentist, asks you to consider this.

Rev. W. R. Gibbs and Rev. R. C. Love, will preach on temperance at Shady Grove Monday night Dec. 3, 1906, at Hoods school house Tuesday night December 4th, at Eason Wednesday night Dec. 5th.

F. W. Nunn, dentist, Press Building

Call on Stewart early and get your picture made on cloth to make sofa pillows, sachet bags and fancy work for Christmas.

Mrs. Lee Orme who has been the guest of her sister here for several weeks past, will leave in a few days for a trip in the south with her husband.

Fannie Blue the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Blue, has scarletina and has been confined to her bed for several days, but is now convalescent.

Rev. Benjamin Andres, R. D. Drescher and Dr. C. K. Crawford of Louisville, who is the guest of Rev. Andres, have gone on a hunting trip in the colons.

Go to Dr. Geo. W. Stone and have your eyes tested and glasses fitted, he will see that you see or glasses changed without additional cost.

Albert Travis, wife and little daughter Dulcie, attended the funeral Sunday of J. N. Little at the Crowell graveyard.

W. J. Nunn, of Blackford, was in the city Monday. He is one of the substantial merchants, of Webster Co., and his store at the "ford" would do credit to Marion.

FOR SALE—My farm three miles north of Marion on the Fords ferry road, 90 acres. Twenty acres in timber, 70 acres tilable, 7 acres in grass, orchard, residence three rooms in fair repair, new stables, barn, under good fence, spring, pond, wells, and plenty of stock water.

P. C. GILBERT.

Lacey Nunn and sister, Miss Addie Nunn were in the city last Thursday, Miss Nellie Shaw, of Texas, returned home with them and is now their guest.

F. W. Moore, of Repton, was in the city last week. He had just returned from Poteau, Indian Territory where he attended the opening sale of town lots in that city.

Henry Chandler, of Iron Hill, section was in the city last week. He came after his wife and boy who were the guests of Joe Stewart and wife on College street for several days last week.

"Nor love thy life, nor hate: but what thou livest live well: how long or short, permit to heaven." Your teeth are what you live with. Dr. F. S. Stilwell Dentist over Marion Bank.

The tax supervisors this year have been named by Judge Blackburn. They are Charles Fox, of View, G. P. Wilson, Weston, John T. Pickens, Marion, Geo. T. Belt, Sheridan, W. T. Terry, Mounds.

The thanksgiving sermon will be delivered at the Presbyterian church union services to-day by Rev. Virgil Elgin, of the Methodist church. The service will begin at 10 o'clock sharp, and will close at 11 o'clock.

Joseph Clinton, of Wallis, Texas, who was the guest of his sister Mrs. J. M. Walker last week at Iron Hill has gone to Farmersville to visit his nephew Dr. Walker, and his niece Miss Maggie Walker.

Misses Laura Adamson and Ruth Dodds, of Crider, Ky., who have been the guests of Miss Mabel Guess for the past ten days, left Tuesday at noon for their homes.

Stray Notice

Taken up as strays by F. W. Moore 1 roan muley heifer, 2 years old, 1 yellow muley heifer—1½ years old. Owner can have same by paying all charges and for this notice.

F. W. MOORE

FREDONIA AND KELSEY.

T. F. Wyatt and Dr. Todd spent Sunday at St. Vincent.

Miss May Jackson returned home Friday from a visit to relatives at Princeton.

The protracted meeting is still in progress at New Bethel, Rev. Boyce Taylor is assisting the Pastor Rev. Miller.

James Tolley, the Marion timberman, was here Monday.

W. D. Wyatt and Johnson Easly were in Marion Sunday evening.

Rev. Overby was moving the first of the week to his new appointments in Tennessee.

Mrs. Ira Bennett and Mrs. E. G. Bugg were guests of relatives in Marion Sunday.

Miss Ida H'ill, who has been assisting C. B. Loyd in his millinery department returned to her home in Marion Sunday.

Elbert Hillyard left last week for Florida where he will spend the winter.

Rey. Hummel preached at the Methodist church here Sunday evening at 2:30.

Oliver & Conyer shipped two car loads of stock farm here Saturday.

No hunting or fishing on my farm. Trespassers will be prosecuted. See notice. JOHN COCHRAN.

Farm for Sale.

Farm near Hardin, Ky. for sale. Good land, good buildings and cheap. Write to Collins Waller, Morganfield, Ky.

Marion Meets Defeat

[Continued From First Page.]

argument she made a great impression on the minds of the audience. It was the general concensus of opinion of all who expressed themselves that as a separate speech hers was the very best of the evening.

After several minutes deliberation the judges returned a verdict for the affirmative, with a majority report for the negative. Many who had heard the speeches expressed themselves as differing from the decision.

of the judges, but in view of the fact that the meet had been held at Morganfield's suggestion, in view of their most courteous treatment, and especially in view of the further fact that they had promised to meet us in the near future in Marion we most graciously bowed to the decision of the judges.

In the benefits in added interest to literary society work that these meets will foster, will far outweigh the question of who wins or is defeated. We shall look forward with eager anticipation to the time when we shall again have another so pleasant and profitable an evening. The Marion High school expects to challenge several other schools in the near future, Prof. Kee is very proud of the showing his people made at Morganfield.

J. N. Little, of the Piney section, died last Saturday of typhoid fever and was buried Sunday morning at the Crowell graveyard.

Mrs. Ed Murphy and baby who have been here on a visit to her parents Mr. and Mrs. Frances Daniels left for her home Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. Jas. L. Rankin has purchased the interest of his partner Mr. R. E. Pickens in the grocery stock of Rankin & Pickens and will continue in business in the same stand. Mr. Pickens will continue as salesman with Mr. Rankin and the each desire a continuance of the liberal patronage which their friends have given them in the past.

Dr. King's New Life Pills
The best in the world.

EVERYTHING GOOD IN INSURANCE!

Fire
Tornado
Steam Boiler

Life
Health
Accident
Plate Glass

The Best Companies
The Lowest Rates
The Strongest Agency

Bourland & Haynes

Opposite Postoffice.

Telephone 32

Nelle Walker,
Stenographer and
Notary Public . . .
Office with Blue & Nunn in Postoffice
Building, Marion, Ky.

Metz & Sedberry,
Leading Barbers

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MARION, KY.

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Lawyers,

MARION, KENTUCKY.

Will practice in all the courts of the Commonwealth. Special attention given to collections. Office in Press Building, second floor, Room 6

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No knife, no pain, book free. Address
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Lawyer

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MARION, KENTUCKY.

Kevil & Co.

HAVE ESTABLISHED A

Fire Insurance Agency in
MARION, KENTUCKY

If you have property in the town of Marion, let them insure it. You shall have no reason to regret it.

Office in Press Building, Room 5
Telephone 225.

TELEPHONES AND SWITCHBOARDS
ALSO Large Stock of Electric Light, Street Railway and Telephone Supplies Constantly on Hand.
Don't fail to send for latest Catalogue No. 7.
Jas. Clark Jr. & Co.
313 W. Main St. Louisville, Ky.

Lest We

Sweet Baby is restless, can't sleep at night, won't eat, cries spasmodically. A bottle of White's Cream Vermifuge never fails to cure. Every mother should give her baby White's Cream Vermifuge. So many times when the baby is pale and fretful, the mother does not know what to do. A bottle of this medicine would bring color to his cheeks and laughter to his eyes. Give it a trial. Sold by Woods & Sons Druggists.

- The - Chickenless Chicken Farm

A Thanksgiving Story

By F. A. MITCHEL

[Copyright, 1906, by F. A. Mitchell.]

"A," said Farmer Bickford's wife, "Mandy's going to marry John Williams."

"I'm glad to hear it. John is a very good young man."

"But they will need help. You must do something for them."

"What can I do? The farm produces just enough for us to live on."

"You might mortgage it for a small amount, just enough to buy a small place. The Allison farm of six acres is for sale at a very low price. John wants to go into chicken raising, and the property would just do. There is a cottage on it and a few old outhouses."

"But if I mortgage our farm who's to pay interest and provide a sinking fund for the principal?"

"John will do that."

"How?"

"By the profits on chicken raising."

"Suppose there are no profits?"

"Oh, pa, don't be stingy. We have but one daughter. You wouldn't grudge her a few thousand dollars out of all the money this farm's worth, would you?"

"My dear, we began on nothing and have had a hard struggle to get into our present comfortable fix. Let these young people begin as we did."

"And have as hard a time?"

"Better have a hard time when they are young than when they are old. No, I will not mortgage my farm even for Mandy, whom I love as well as you love her. That's settled."

Mrs. Bickford knew by a long experience that when her husband said "That's settled" it was settled. She went away with a sigh and told the youngsters that she had failed. Both mother and daughter voted Mr. Bickford a hard hearted man. John Williams said nothing. He had good pluck, but little or no experience. He went to a bank and arranged for a mortgage for \$3,000 on the Allison farm, then bought it for \$3,400. He had saved \$200 and trusted to luck to raise the other \$200 with which to complete the payment. Mrs. Bickford had saved \$100 out of pin money and prevailed on her husband to give \$100 in lieu of a wedding present, though she did not tell him what use was to be made of it. John and Mandy were married and took possession of their farm. Mr. Bickford was left to find out their ownership of the place by their going into it. They did not deign to mention the matter to him. This was the work of the mother and daughter. John had nothing to do with it.

John worked for the neighboring farmers, intending to save money out of his wages to stock his farm with chickens, but the crops happened to be poor that season, and he got nothing over a bare living. The next season was better, but the baby came, and the coming of a baby always involves extra expense. At the end of two years John had not stocked his chicken farm and had got behind with his interest.

Mrs. Bickford would have appealed to her husband, but from the time Mandy was married the farmer became more economical than ever, and she dared not mention the matter. Besides, she and Mandy had shown their resentment that he had not mortgaged his farm to give the young couple a start, and this was another reason why he was not applied to. How-

ever, Mrs. Bickford and her daughter felt that they could not willingly sit down to a Thanksgiving dinner with so stingy a husband and father. John urged them to accept, and when he found their resolution fixed not to do so declared that he would dine with his father-in-law without them. Mrs. Bickford prepared the dinner and then went over to her daughter, who was still on the chicken farm, the two intending to have a dinner by themselves.

"Tell him," said Mrs. Bickford to John, "that as all our daughter can afford is tea and toast I shall share it with her."

John set off to his father-in-law's.

He had not been there long before he returned to his house and protested earnestly that his mother-in-law and his wife were acting unwise and unnatural.

John was head of his family, and his wife surrendered and consented to go with him. As Mrs. Bickford did not care to remain away alone both went to the Bickford farm and all sat down to table.

"I've chosen Thanksgiving day," said the farmer, "to end a family feud. John's exploit has ended just where I believed it would and has been a failure. Nevertheless from the time he was married I resolved to save what money he would sink, for I knew he would need it in the end. I got together half the amount needed to pay cash for the farm before this last crop was marketed, and now I have the whole. I intended to buy the farm for you, Mandy; but, seeing your husband learns faster than you, I've bought it for him."

He threw on the table a deed to the chicken farm made out to John Williams.

"Why, I thought Lawyer Groat bought the chicken farm," exclaimed Mrs. Bickford.

"So he did for me."

Mandy sprang into her father's arms.

"It wasn't John's fault that he failed," the farmer went on. "It was the fault of his inexperience. I admired his pluck, but determined to let him benefit by the experience. The harvesting of this last crop has been too much for an old man like me, and I'm going to turn over the details of its management to him. But, as I believe no house is big enough for two families, you children are to remain at the chicken farm, using it for a home and nothing more. Does that suit you, John?"

John grasped the farmer's hand, while Mandy clung to his neck. Mrs. Bickford scarcely found room to give her husband a kiss. Then, after a normal condition was attained, they began to discuss the best dinner that money could buy.

Visitors in that region are puzzled at the name "Chicken Farm," given to one of the prettiest places there, since it is nothing like a farm, and there are no chickens on it. Occasionally an inquirer gets the story of how it gained its singular name.

he would not come forward with assistance, chose every other subject she could think of to show her spleen. Mandy seldom came to the house when her father was there, and if she met him failed to display any affection for him. John alone treated him with consideration. John learned rapidly by experience and told his wife, as he expressed it in his homely way, that he

would not be killed by the liquor men.

Public notice is hereby given that on Friday Dec. 7, 1906, a local option election will be held in our county.

On that day the people of this county shall say by their votes whether the saloons shall remain here and continue its evil work, or whether it shall be driven from us. That drunkenness is a great evil and curse is not questioned, and that the saloon constitutes to this evil cannot be doubted by the most casual observer.

The saloon is against the home, the school, the church, and the moral and religious welfare of the people.

Shall we keep it with us to do such work and commit such evil? The good people of Crittenden county

must say on December 7th. We believe the great majority of our people are against the saloon and the liquor traffic, therefore let them come out on the above mentioned day, and record their votes against them.

About 84 of the 119 counties of our

fairstate, besides districts in other

counties, are under local option. Not

less the 13 having gone "dry" in the

last three months—let good old Crittenden add another to the honored list.

But recently, our neighbor, Union

county, gave more than one thousand

for the local option law

let us go and do likewise.

VIRGIL ELGIN,

Notice of Local Option Election.

To the voters of Crittenden county:

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VIRGIL ELGIN,

J. H. BUTLER,

E. B. BLACKBURN

W. T. OAKLEY

BENJAMIN ANDRES

M. H. WELDON,

Dr. T. A. FRAZER,

J. F. CONGER,

Ex-Committee.

Editor Crittenden Press.

Dear Sir—

I have been requested by the anti-saloon campaign committee to furnish you a few items for publication in this week's issue of the PRESS. And so here they are.

Let the public, read, consider, and act as they shall wish they had done when they come to stand before God in judgment.

Let everybody know that the anti-saloon League is not a political organization; neither is the local option election to be held in our city and county on the 7th of December next, in the interest of our political party.

You Look Yellow

The trouble is, your liver's sick. One of its products, "bile," is overflowing into your blood.

You can't digest your food, your appetite is poor, you suffer dreadfully from headache, stomach ache, dizziness, malaria, constipation, etc. What you need is not a dose of salts, cathartic water or pills—but a liver tonic.

Another thing in discussing this local option question, some men talk as if money was the only thing to be considered. If there is anything to be made by it, why they are in favor of it, but if on the other hand there is a prospect of losing a few dollars by it they are opposed to it.

It is a true medicine for sick liver and kidneys, and regulates all the digestive functions. Try it.

At all dealers in medicines in 25c packages.

but purely and wholly in the interest of our homes, good morals and good government. This being the case then, let all good citizens and especially every father, who has sons and who loves his home and his country go to the poles on election day and cast his vote on the right side of this great question.

It is said that about 90 per cent. of all the crimes and murders committed in our country today is traceable to the saloon. And then if we add to this all the pauperism suffering and woe, caused by the terrible business. What argument then can be offered for the saloon? If none, then, why not declare it a public nuisance and get rid of it as we do other things of the same sort. This we hope the good citizens of this county will do on the seventh day of December next.

Some good people seem to think that if local option carries at the forthcoming election in December John, because they advertise.

FREE!

TO every person who will pay one year's subscription, \$1.00, to this paper, THE CRITTENDEN PRESS, in advance, we will give absolutely free a full year's subscription to

When the Hair Falls

Then it's time to act! No time to study, to read, to experiment! You want to save your hair, and save it quickly, too! So make up your mind this very minute that if your hair ever comes out you will use Ayer's Hair Vigor. It makes the scalp healthy. The hair stays in. It cannot do anything else. It's nature's way.

The best kind of a testimonial—
"Sold for over sixty years."

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.
Also manufacturers of
Ayer's
SARSAPARILLA.
PILLS.
CHERRY PECTORAL.

THE EDITOR'S LUCK.

Those who ask in jest, "Why editors are wealthy?" should read this editorial protest from the Mead Globe:

A child is born in the neighborhood the attending physician gets \$10. The editor gives the loud mouthed youngster and the happy parents a send-off and gets \$60. When it is christened the minister gets \$10, the editor gets \$60. It grows up and marries. The editor publishes another long winded article and tells a hundred lies about the beautiful and accomplished bride, the minister gets \$10 and a piece of cake, and the editor gets \$600. In course of time it dies. The doctor gets from \$50 to \$100, the editor publishes a notice of the death of as an obituary two columns long, lodge and society resolutions, a lot of poetry, and a free card of thanks, and gets \$10,000. No wonder so many editors get rich."

Thanksgiving Dinner On an Airship

By AUGUSTUS W. FERRIN.

(Copyright, 1906, by Augustus W. Ferrin.) "BACK in the fall of 1905," said the skipper of the airship Albatross as he sat puffing his pipe on the roof of the Aerial Navigation company's fifty story building on Broadway, "we was engaged in the arctic-antarctic carrying trade. There being temporarily nothing doing in our line, we had put into Colon to see ex-President Roosevelt, stern and strenuous in spite of his eighty odd years, open the Panama canal. I was standing on the Colon pier watching the 30,000 ton battleship Uncle Sam enter the canal, marking the consummation of the most gigantic engineering enterprise in all history, as the ex-president said in his speech, when a boy in the uniform of the World's Wireless Telegraph company handed me a green envelope labeled 'Rush.' It was a message from our agent at Peary, where the wireless company had an instrument a top the north pole capable of transmitting without relay any message to a receiving instrument on top of the south pole. The message read:

"The ice has all melted. It is hotter here than the hinges of hades and the mosquitoes are biting something fierce. This ought to be good market for immediate consignment of summer supplies, but haste is imperative."

"Well, when there is money to be made you don't find your Uncle Henry



"I GRAB THE TELLER THAT'S LEADING THE 'V' AND HOLLER."

way. We was flying low one day, watching two big machines racing along a country road, when all at once one of 'em blows up and the horn lands right in our car. Well, the mate leans over the port rail and begins 'honk honk' like he was dippy. All at once I hear another 'honk-honk' way off, then nearer, then more 'honks' than all the automobiles in four states could make. And what do you think it was? Wild geese. Turn my dynamo, if there wasn't a million wild geese flying toward us in a long 'V,' dragging their harrier over the pale moon, as the poet says, only there wasn't any moon, it being broad daylight. I call all hands to the main deck, and we man the rail. Closer and closer come the geese until I begin to get scared that they're going to hit our balloon and puncture us. Just as they get up to us I grab the teller that's leading the 'V' and holler. Everybody grabs a goose and hollers. That scares the rest and off they fly, leaving a bird in every man's hand, which was worth two in the ozone, as the saying is.

"We was drifting northwest all this time, and by the time we had skinned and dressed the geese we was right over some hot springs up in British Columbia. Every man got out a line and tied it around a goose's neck and dropped him into the water. When the geese was cooked we drew 'em up again, and by the everlasting Santos-Dumont, that boiled goose was the tenderest, most succulent meat I ever tasted. What with the canned punkin pie, the peas and some wild celery we fished up with our anchor, that Thanksgiving dinner was bang up. Everybody turned in that night full of boiled goose and happier than a Rhode Island clam at high tide. Next morning we got the engine fixed, and two days later we was at the pole. We didn't have any trouble disposing of the Panama hats and mosquito netting at fancy prices, for it was hotter than ever in Peary, and inside of two weeks we was back in New York with a cargo of relics of arctic expeditions, which we sold to the Metropolitan Museum for enough to give every one of us six months' land leave."

"We made New York in twenty-four hours, having good weather and favorable winds all the way and passed

RENOUNCES SOCIETY AND THEN TURNS PALACE INTO A CONVENT.

Springfield, Mo., Nov. 18.—Having decided that her life was a disappointment, Mrs. Alice O'Day, wealthy widow of a former President of Frisco railway system, has turned her elegant country mansion into a convent and proposes to spend the remainder of her life as a guest of the twenty-four black robed nuns who now own the \$250,000 estate.

"Skipper, do you realize what day this is?"

"No," says I. "What is it?"

"It's Thanksgiving day," says he.

"Puncture my gas bag, matey, if you ain't right," says I, taking a hasty look at my pocket calendar. "What are we going to do about it?"

"I don't know," says he. "We ain't got nothing but hard tack and canned stuff aboard. Of course the canned stuff's all right, now that the whole regular army is on duty at the packing houses, but canned turkey don't seem Thanksgiving-like. Besides, we ain't got any canned turkey, come to think of it—only canned peas and punkin."

"Well, I tell you, sir, I was stumped. I never in all my life went over a Thanksgiving without turkey, not even that trip when we was captured by the Chinese air junk. Of course the turkey them air pirates give us was really golden pheasant, but we called it turkey, and it tasted all right. And I knew if the crew ever got on to the fact that it was Thanksgiving and we didn't have anything but hard tack and canned peas and punkin to give em there would be the worst mutiny since the one in the Pamiat Azova, when the czar tried to make his sailors eat lemons. I kept all hands hard at work, so they wouldn't get time to think about the almanac, and we was moseying along slow, me figuring on whether some other skipper would have the pole market for panamas oversold before we got there, when suddenly the mate pipes up again, Skipper, I've got an idea!"

"Skip it out," says I, but he never answers, just grabs his spyglass and begins rubbering at something way off our port bow. Then he runs below and comes up with one of them darn automobile 'honk-honks' in his hand. We got that 'honk-honk' in a funny

Trusims Of Timias.

It isn't always the best shot who bags the most game.

If it's raining, nine out of every ten persons you meet will tell you so. A true barometer of a man's character is the fondness he has for flowers. If cheapness is the sole consideration, some men are worth less than a penny.

The corner leafer who speaks ill of women who pass has little regard for those at his home.

It's even money when you need your umbrella it is at the other end of the route. The same way with friends.

The woman who gossips should climb over the fence into the back yard of the neighbor she talks about. If you owe the other fellow he will take pains to meet you on the same side of the street. Reverse positions. Love conquers where all else fails. Backed by the influence of a good woman, a man can accomplish wonders.

A Live Wire

Every nerve is a live wire connecting some part of the body with the brain. They are so numerous that if you penetrate the skin with the point of a needle you will touch a nerve and receive a shock—pain it is called. Aches and pains come from a pressure, strain or injury to a nerve; the more prominent the nerve the greater the pain. When the pain comes from a large nerve it is called

Neuralgia

whether it be the facial nerves, or the heart, stomach, sciatic or other prominent nerve branch. To stop pain then, you must relieve the strain or pressure upon the nerves. Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills do this.

"I suffered intense pain caused by neuralgia. I doctored and used various medicines without getting relief until I began taking Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills. I find I need no more than one of the medicines I ever used. They never fail to cure my headaches, and their use never leaves any bad after-effects."

Mrs. WM. DECKMAN,

Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills are sold by your druggist, who will guarantee that the first package will benefit. If it fails, he will return your money. 25 doses, 25 cents. Never sold in bulk. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

Farm and Fireside, twice a month one year free with each subscriber of the Press. We have sent a sample copy to each subscriber.

Have you tried the new Cream Crisp breakfast food. A ten cent package and better than many of the fifteen cent sellers. Morris & Yates.

Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic

has stood the test 25 years. Average Annual Sales over One and a Half Million bottles. Does this record of merit appeal to you? No Cure, No Pay. 50c. Enclosed with every bottle is a Ten Cent package of Grove's Black Root Liver Pills.

Always Remember the Full Name Laxative Bromo Quinine Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in Two.

E. W. Grove on Box. 25c.

The Old Hickory Distilling Co.

MOVED UP TOWN.—On account of the city council refusing to grant us new quart license at the distillery, we were compelled to buy out a place up town or let our friends and patrons go without Old Hickory which is known to be the best, purest and cheapest in Marion. Nobody else in town has our Old Hickory. Call and see us. We have a full line of Whiskey, Wines, Beer and Cigars. Prices on Old Hickory same as at the quart house.

Billart Stand, Opposite Post Office.

Old Hickory Distilling Company.

By T. H. LOWERY, Manager.

SENT FREE Booklet entitled "Draughon's Practical Business Colleges," containing information concerning the Draughon's Colleges, their SYSTEM and METHODS, and that Draughon's teach the BEST systems of shorthand.

DRAUGHON'S PRACTICAL BUSINESS Colleges, \$300,000.00 capital; 28 Colleges in 16 States; 17 years' success.

POSITIONS secured or money refunded. Written contract given. For Catalog and "Eye Opener," call, phone, or write to Jno. P. Draughon, President, either place.

Evansville, Paducah, Nashville, St. Louis, Memphis, Little Rock, Atlanta, Dallas, San Antonio, etc.

WANTED!

HEADING BOLTS AND STANDING TIMBER

White and Red Oak!

Sound Green Timber, free from knots, windshakes, checks, worm holes and other defections. Must be barked and well quartered. Also buy Standing Oak Timber for Heading Bolts, where there are available facilities for getting it on. For Prices call on

JAS. TOLLEY, Agt.

Marion, Kentucky.

Attend LOCKYEAR'S BUSINESS COLLEGE

EVANSVILLE, INDIANA

"A SCHOOL WITH A REPUTATION"

LARGE ATTENDANCE
NINE TEACHERS
FIFTY TYPEWRITERS
LESSONS BY MAIL
SEND FOR NEW CATALOG

A Complete Stock of

Dry Goods, Notions, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Hardware, Tinware and Groceries. Prices consistent with Quality.

I Buy and Sell all kinds of Produce.

Give me a call.

Chas. Larue,

Levias, Ky.

The Leading Merchant,

Human Blood Marks,

A tale of horror was told by marks of human blood in the home of J. W. Williams, a well known merchant of Bar, Ky. He writes: "Twenty years ago I had severe hemorrhages of the lungs, and was near death when I began taking Dr. King's New Discovery. It completely cured me and I have remained well ever since." It cures Hemorrhages, Chronic Coughs, Settled Colds and Bronchitis, and is the only known cure for weak lungs. Every bottle guaranteed by Woods & Orme Druggists, 50c and \$1.00 Trial bottle free.

Parlor Barber Shop,

Walter McConnell,

Proprietor

Clean Towels and Good Workmen.

First-Class Hot or Cold Baths

Press Building.

MARION, KENTUCKY.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM
Cleases and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never fails to restore Gray hair to its natural color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c and \$1.00 at Druggists.



STOPPING FOR AN HOUR OVER A ROOF GARDEN

loafing around any 'gigantic engineering enterprise,' so without waiting for the unveiling of the colossal statue of Secretary Taft we loaded to the parapet with Panama hats and mosquito netting and spread sail for the pole.

"We made New York in twenty-four hours, having good weather and favorable winds all the way and passed

Lead, Zinc, Fluorspar Deposits

[Continued from First Page.]
 there being no question of the existence of ore or of the quantities of it.
 In a letter from C. F. Z. Caracristi, published in the Manufacturer's Record of March 22, 1906, the statement was made that the fluorspar now being shipped from England to this country comes from the mill tailings of abandoned lead mines, none of them now being worked, and that in two years these old accumulations will become exhausted. At the present time England is shipping this fluorspar as ballast; it is admitted duty free, and is being sold under cost of production. With the exhaustion of the English sources of supply there will be an increased demand for American fluorspar. About 70,000 tons are used for smelting purposes in this country now, and the use is constantly increasing. It is the finest flux known for metals and refractory ores, and is used by the big steelmakers of America. It eliminates largely sulphur and phosphorus, makes the tensile strength greater and enables lower grades of iron to be used, and is of vast advantage in blast furnaces, open-hearth steel furnaces, cupolas, crucibles and brass foundries. The finer qualities are ground and used in chemistry for enameling, glassmaking, copper refining, etc.

Local authorities state that published statistics as to the production of fluorspar in this district are too high. Instead of 26,000 tons for 1905, it is declared that 23,000 tons would be nearer the exact figures. It is also claimed that the shipment from the Illinois mines was materially less than published figures show, so that less than 50,000 tons was about the quantity mined and shipped from the Kentucky-Illinois field last year. To meet all present requirements, therefore, there would have to be about a 50 per cent. increase in production, for outside of the Illinois and Kentucky fields there are declared to be no other deposits in the world that may be relied on for such extensive and economical development as these. There is some fluorspar in Germany, but so little that its exportation is prohibited, and right now German consumers of fluorspar are writing to Kentucky companies for prices for immediate delivery in thousand-ton lots. As the known deposits on the Illinois side of the river are in the hands of the companies now operating there, it devolves on the Kentucky field to furnish the greatly increased demand that will soon be made for American fluorspar. It is the expectation locally that the district will arise to the occasion. If this is done there will be a good deal of outside capital put into operation here.

It would seem that the outlook and the possible profits are sufficient to induce such investments, especially since improved processes have added new possibilities in the way of profits. Heretofore it has been impossible to separate fluorspar and zinc, because they are of the same specific gravity. While fluorspar is helpful in all other smelting operations, it is harmful to zinc, and such ores have been thrown out. By the discovery of a new process now in successful operation here, fluorspar and zinc are separated completely, and as zinc occurs in almost all fluorspar mines, there will be a greatly-increased production. Present operations are being carried on by the Sanders Ore Separating Co., with daily capacity of 25 tons. The Messers Sanders, of New York, believing that the field offered advantages for operations here, established the works. In addition to this process, others are being experimented with by various mine operators here, and it is considered altogether probable that other discoveries will be made, greatly to the advantage of the entire district.

Lead has been known to exist in this field since 1812, and in 1835 operations were carried on in this fine by Andrew Jackson and others. Mining in a small way was continued down to the war, but no fluorspar was shipped until 1873. Lack of transportation facilities retarded the mining operations, and even now there is so great a lack of adequate transportation that developments in this Chicago capital invested, have

PROGRAM. FOR THE MUSICAL To be Given at the Marion High School Auditorium Monday Evening, December 10.

Miss Ida Cole Soprano
Miss Ada Zellar Pianist
Miss Nina Dale Park Cellist

1. Sonate, cello and piano	Edward Grieg
2. Vaeal—Angel's Serenade, with cello obligato	Braga
3. Piano { a. Prelude b. Valse, E minor	Chopin
4. Cello { a. Calm as the Night b. Elegie c. Sherzo	Bohm Mossenert Van Goens
5. Vocal, Flower Songs { a. Violets b. Morning Glory Song c. The Pine d. Forget-me-Not e. The Seed's Song	Woodman
6. Piano { a. Romanza, F sharp b. Polish song	Schumann Liszt
7. Cello, Cantabile	Cui
8. Vocal { a. Sylvia b. Springtide (with cello obligato)	Schubert Becker

that line are urgently in demand. It is declared that an electric trolley line 25 miles in length would open the whole district and become one of the best paying propositions in the country. It costs now an average of \$1 per ton to transport ore by wagon to the railroad or river. If half this price were charged by the trolley line it would yield a handsome revenue, as the production of the district would be greatly increased, and it would be in position to supply the entire demand of the country for fluorspar, shipping by barge to Pittsburgh and other large cities reached via the Ohio and Cumberland rivers. In addition there would be a large local business secured from a territory not supplied with railroad transportation, and there would be an increased population with an accompanying still further increase in local business. It is declared that the line could be easily built; that the location is an ideal one for the trolley line, and that investigations will demonstrate the proposition to be a particularly attractive one from any standpoint.

There have been periodical seasons of activity in these fields, and a considerable amount of money, mostly in small sums, has been put into the district at various times by people from a number of outside places. One of the oldest operations is at the Columbia mine. The present Columbia Mining Co. is owned by Paducah, Louisville and Chicago people and has no local capital in it. This company's holdings are along the Columbia fault, where developments have been made for a distance of nearly two miles. This is a lead and zinc field, where the zinc is not mixed with the fluorspar. The field is practically owned and controlled by the Columbia Company and Messrs. Blue & Nunn the latter of this city. While the Columbia Company has probably made the largest shipments from this district, yet Messrs. Blue & Nunn have made combined shipments aggregating from 10,000 to 13,000 tons. A phenomenal production was made by them at the Old Jim mines, where they took out of an open trench carbonates needing no concentration of the amount above named.

The zinc ores here run much higher in metallic zinc than those of Joplin. The average with the Joplin ore is 3½ to 4 per cent. Here the average is 15 to 20, and in some rich samples of carbonates as high as 30 per cent. or more is shown. The crystallization is finer than the Joplin ore, however, and a fatal error has been made in one instance at least in putting in a mill of the Joplin style. More ore was lost in the tailings than was saved in the concentrates, and the mill will have to be remodeled for finer grinding.

The Kentucky Fluorspar Co., of which four Marion men own a controlling interest, and in which there is so great a lack of adequate transportation that developments in this Chicago capital invested, have

- The - Lament of a Doomed Turkey

By P. J. TANSEY.

[Copyright, 1906, by P. J. Tansey.]

THE poultry pen was full of grief.
A deep though silent sorrow
Pervaded all the turkey group—
Their sire must die the morrow.

He paced the coop in thoughtful mood.

Nor stooped for bug or barley;
His men forbade in poultrydom
The sympathizing parley.

But soon he raised his head so high;

And spread his fan of feathers;

And strutted forth as proudly there;

As boys in patent leathers.

Then, having made a fine parade
In stately ostentation,
He called his offspring up to hear
His dying exhortation:

"My children, see the wage of greed—
A prospect very murky.

I'd be insurance tak today

Were I less gobbling turkey."

"I robbed the gander of his grub;
I cheated orphan chickens;

I call up many a dastard steal

That now my gizzard sickens."

"I grew in wealth of light and dark
Through rich and sinful living,

And that is why I'm sentenced now

To perish for Thanksgiving.

"Oh, let my fate a warning be!
Never pine at growing thinner.

Don't grab too much, or soon you'll grace

A fine and festal dinner.

"I'd fain be stuffed with good advice,
When laid in state sublimely,

And hope my favor ev'ry now

Shall reckon sage and thyme.

"Farewell, sweet children; pay that all
Who dare my views to question

Shall groan on Friday all day long

With aches of indigestion."

Horsetail's Banquet

Impromptu Thanksgiving Dinner and What He Did to His Band.

"Ugh!" grunted the big Navajo chief, "White man's Thanksgiving, him eat heap; Injin stay hungry; no big eat for Injin."

Spotted Horsetail was sad and sore. Three hundred braves were in his camp, with many squaws and papooses—all hungry. Those who know anything about Indians know that Indians are always hungry. And now it was the white man's Thanksgiving day, as the railroad agent (the entire population at Broken Ridge had informed the chief). Excepting Uncle Sam's salt pork and canned beans there was little to eat on the reservation. Spotted Horsetail was disgusted.

"Whoop! Hi-yi-yi!" yelled three young braves, riding in at a wild gallop from the railroad. Their faces were smeared with what an eastern tenderfoot would have called war paint, but in truth it was California raspberry jam, orange marmalade, melonseed and other sweets.

"Heap big eat!" yelled the riders. "White man's dinner!"

In three minutes every buck Navajo was mounted and off toward the railroad, led by the women and children afoot. Near Broken Ridge a loose rail had thrown ten freight cars off the track. Each car was loaded with the delicious fruits, fresh and canned, of southern California, bound for the east. When the ears rolled down the embankment they broke open.

Spotted Horsetail's band gulped down whole cans of strawberry preserves. They gashed into big tins of sugary peaches and swallowed the fruit whole, like large raw oysters. They drank the maple syrup as if it were firewater, and the raspberry jam went the way of all sweets. Whole bottles of olive oil added to the turpentine in their stomachs.

By nightfall 267 Indians were stretched upon the Arizona sod, out of commission. They were exceedingly sick at the stomach. An ambulance train from the nearest division town summoned by the Broken Ridge agent by wire brought a score of doctors.

And every day for six weeks thereafter came Spotted Horsetail, and a squad of braves, who sat silently alongside the railroad track from dawn to dusk. Finally a freight train slowed up one day, and the head brakeman held council with the chief.

"No use, Spotted," he said. "We give this dinner only once a year—Thanksgiving day."

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Tolu, Ky.

Puzzle Picture

Will Coal "Go up" or "Come down," and how much?

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Phone No. 200.

Marion, Kentucky

bor property, a well-developed mine spar Co. of Wheeling, W. Va. Here that has already produced thousands of tons of fluorspar and lead. The shaft has been sunk to a depth of 180 feet, and at this depth the vein between perfectly well-defined walls, was 20 feet, measured by tape line. The ore is lead, zinc and fluorspar. The company has been working for three or four years on the problem of separating the zinc and fluorspar, but with what result is not yet ascertained.

The Albany Mining & Investment Co., composed of Muncie (Ind.) people, have erected at the Nancy Hanks mines, near Salem, a Joplin type of mill for the separation of lead and fluorspar. They have also added a small fluorspar grinding plant. They are down about 220 feet, are in very valuable ore, and are one of the dividend payers of the district.

Between the Evening Star and Nancy Hanks properties is the Morning Star mine, owned by the American Lead, Zinc & Fluorspar Co., an organization of Cleveland capitalists. Two discovery shafts have been sunk, cutting the vein in each. The company also runs in a tunnel, exposing a vein of fluorspar and lead measuring 20 feet in width.

In addition to these properties there have been opened the Hudson mines, the Butler, the Guill, Babb, Klondike, Benard, Pierce and Hodge, in all of which development work has been done sufficient to prove that the veins are continuous.

In addition to this mineral wealth of such variety, there is near Salem what is called the Stovens fire-clay deposit. Not only is there a practically inexhaustible quantity of it, but so superior a quality of fire-clay has it proved to be that it stands a handicap of \$2 per ton for handling by wagon from Salem to Marion. Over 13,000 tons of the clay have thus been moved and shipped by rail to the Western Tube Works at Kennewick, Ill.

With adequate transportation facilities, which can hardly be much longer in coming in, it would seem that there is a combination of conditions here which ought to prove very attractive to men with the means and the knowledge necessary to bring about a really notable development of the vastly valuable resources of this neck of Western Kentucky.

ALBERT PHENIS.

The Press and weekly Courier Journal one year for \$1.50.

"PICTORIAL COLOR AND MAGAZINE SECTION"

The Crittenden Press.

Marion, Ky., Thursday, Nov. 29, 1906

WONDER WORKS OF THE METROPOLIS



FATHER KNICKERBOCKER GIVES ALADDIN'S LAMP A RUB

Behold the wonders that the twentieth century man is working in the metropolis of the New World!

Chief among them is the wonder of transportation. Certainly it is the chief from the "human interest" and the dramatic points of view.

Six tunnels under the Hudson river! so, a pair, will give one of the country's greatest railroads direct entrance to the heart of Manhattan Island. The others, in pairs, will connect with the trolley systems of Jersey City, Newark, Hoboken, and a score or more of Jersey's suburban towns, thus permitting thousands of commuters to get into New York without having recourse to the trolley lines that now crowd the North river to the danger limit.

And eight tunnels under the East river! Two will permit one to travel underground from the upper tip of Manhattan Island to the residential sections of Brooklyn. These tunnels form an extension of the subway, a wonder that now a commonplace to the tens of thousands of New Yorkers who crowd to it and anathematize it morning and evening every working day of the year.

Four of these East river tunnels will be the great railroad out of New York into the New England district by

means of a connecting bridge from Long Island to the city's islands in the Sound, and thence to the mainland. And the remaining two will be the Manhattan inlet of the united trolley systems of the eastern end of Long Island.

Six tunnels under the island itself; two to connect with the North and East river tunnels of the railroad! Two to connect with the North river trolley tunnels and carry the passengers from the western water front to the uptown shopping district of Thirty-third street. And from this pair of tunnels another pair will transfer passengers to a shopping district a mile further down town and somewhat to the east, and also connect with the present subway system.

tween thirty and forty million dollars will be spent in completing the North river and Manhattan Island trolley tunnels and in building the two skyscraper terminals essential to the system, one on the edge of the financial district, the other in the Thirty-third street shopping center.

Twenty million dollars has already been spent by the railroad in question. Forty millions more is expected to see the improvement through to the last detail. In these millions is included the cost of the great terminal station to be built in the heart of the city. It will be one of the largest terminals in the world; for its site thirty city blocks were cleared of the hotels, retail stores, manufacturers, flats, apartment houses, private houses. Thousands of persons were forced to find homes and places of business elsewhere in the city. The trolley tunnels under the East river will call for fifteen millions.

But this is not all of the wonder of transportation.

In order to bring its terminal facilities not only up to date, but, if possible, put them years ahead of the city, the railroad that now enjoys a monopoly of direct entrance into Manhattan is busy spending fifty millions on a mammoth station and for electrification of its lines within a fifty miles radius of the metropolis.

Then the tunnels are to come in the near future—forty-five odd miles of them under Manhattan and Brooklyn, giving speedy access to every part of these boroughs and the Borough of the Bronx, just to the north of Manhattan Island and forming the only part of the greater city which is on mainland.

These, like the subway, will be built under municipal direction, and after a term of years will revert unconditionally, equipment and all, to the city. Plans for them are now ready, and before many months it is expected that the work of building the first of these interborough tunnels, which will probably be operated in conjunction with the subway, will be well under way.

Within the next ten years the tunnels under the island of Manhattan will form a veritable gridiron of electric train passage ways. And there will be at least two layers of tunnels in places. For example, at Thirty-fourth street and Fourth avenue, the railroad tunnels will run below the subway, and some of the rapid transit crosstown tunnels are being planned to be bored many feet beneath the subway and the projected tunnels that will have the same general direction, that is, run lengthwise of the island.

A quarter of a billion dollars is the enormous sum that the city expects to spend in consummating its share of the wonder of transportation. This includes the fifty million dollars spent for the subway and the thirty millions for the East river and Brooklyn extensions. Be-

fore the last year of the present century, some time next year, will be shot under the East river the rapid transit tunnel, to connect sections of Brooklyn, on a journey of about an hour, whereas two are now required for the trip.

There is still another important factor in transportation. Within the next eight years the famous Brooklyn bridge, spanning the East river distances to the Williamsburg, a bridge to the bridge building the Brooklyn, has so now. The suspension bridge, sand tons of masonry, the approaches for the approach A like sum is required for the Manhattan bridge, only a few blocks away; and by the way, will require, an island giving central piers, will take close less.

Thus, to complete the transportation in New York a sum of four hundred and seven millions will be spent. And in this the cost of freight yards, records for size and weight, electrification of the railroads, Long Island, and the city has spent to date the city has spent to date Manhattan and Staten Island ferry service in the world, cost of these and the total a billion dollars.

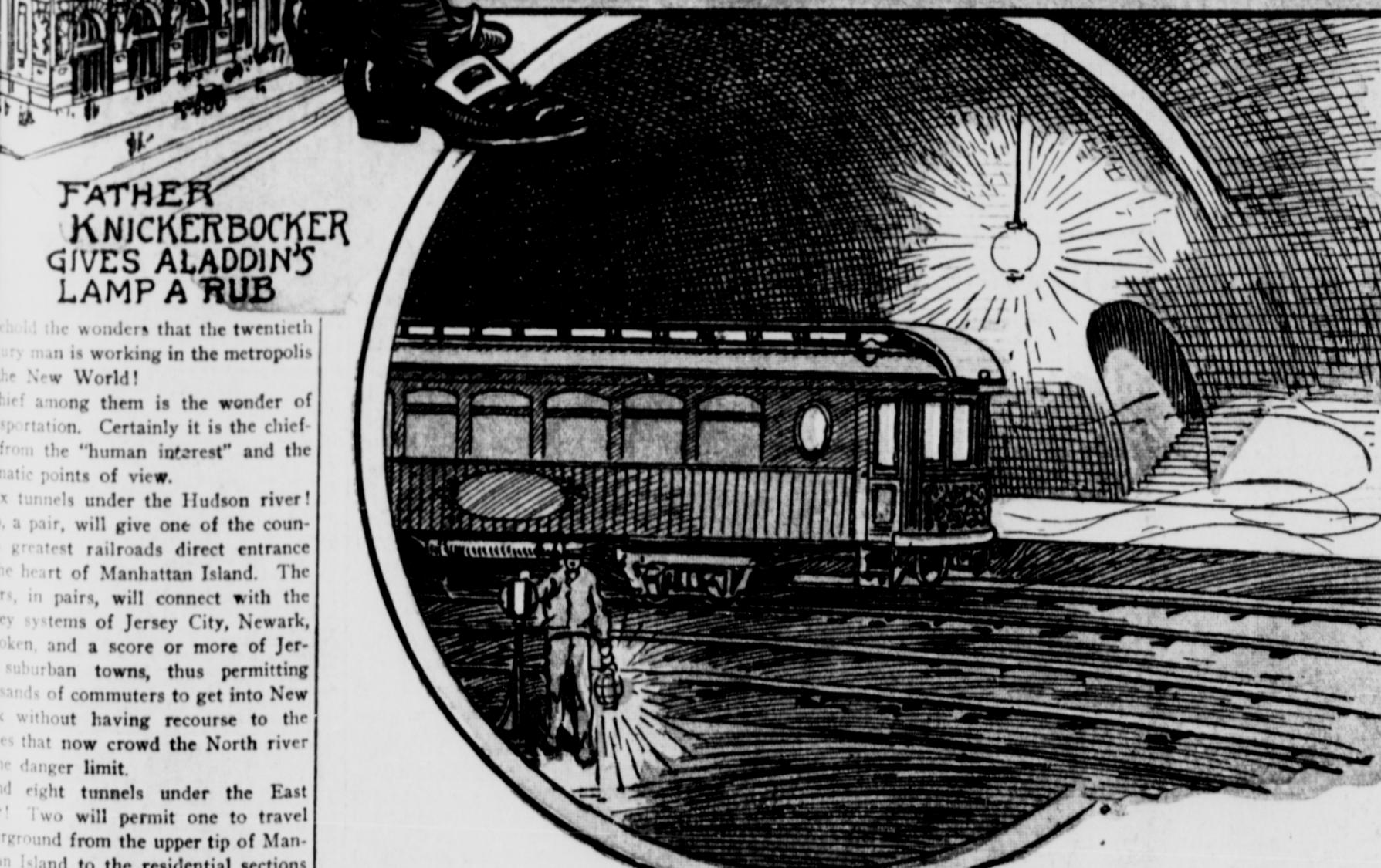
Wonderful—all wonderful greatest wonder in connection with the wonder of transportation can be found who will day doggedly, will push the

nails inch by inch to completion, knowing that the task is a slimy but a few feet, a matter of inches above the surface to rush in on them at any time here are the men by the score who bore the great Suez Canal, the Alps, men who under Asia and Africa "sand hogs" of the universe steeled alike against the treacherous rivers, dents that frequently result in permanent injury to them the bigger share the wonder of transportation, the engineers, masters of finance, to carry out the plans nels under river and everywhere.

Behold, too, the world's highest office building is now the Empire State, boasting of thirty-three stories, is now under way on Park Row, old church is being torn down for the last section, according to be a story or two closer.

The highest office building in the world is now the Empire State, boasting of thirty-three stories, is now under way on Park Row, old church is being torn down for the last section, according to be a story or two closer.

Continued on



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IN THE SHADOW OF SHAME

By Fitzgerald Molloy

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Synopsis of Preceding Chapter

Olive Dumbarton, after the legal separation from her brutal husband, becomes a successful authoress. She is quietly with her daughter, Veronica, in Hexton, England. Her work, "Women's Work," is a success. She has sold it to a publisher, and he secretly returns to London and by letter makes further demands for money. Her cousin, Valerius, comes to see her. He is shocked to find that she has been in love with her since early youth, and she farewells him before starting on a trip to Egypt. A night later, Olive Dumbarton is found in her library, dead. She is arrested and held for trial, and detective work is put on the case. George Bostock, the publisher, and Inspector Quinton are interested in the investigation, and the former is shadowed by Pietro Mackworth. Angels Mezza, an Italian woman, swears to Mrs. Dumbarton and Inspector Mackworth that the girl was committed by her husband. The Inspector discovers Pietro, a model and former companion of Mezza.

CHAPTER XIII.

On a bright, bracing afternoon in October, Veronica was walking backward and forward upon the grass. Unwilling to leave her mother in her present condition for even an hour, and sensitively shrinking from the observation she imagined herself to attract out of doors, she had, since the night of the tragedy, refused to venture beyond the precincts of the house. It was in the garden she, therefore, took the exercise her mother considered necessary to her girl's health, and it frequently happened that on such occasions she was not alone, for from the back windows of the neighboring house it was possible for Quinto Quave to catch sight of her black-clad figure moving over the grass or under the trees, and to join her was no difficult task for one who for years had enjoyed the uncanny entrance to her mother's house.

On this occasion he was walking beside her, a cricket cap on the back of his head, his hands thrust into the pockets of his tweed jacket, brown shoes upon his feet.

"I wanted mother to come out here in the fresh, bracing air, but she thought it too cold," Veronica was saying. "I don't know what we should do if we hadn't this dear, old, quiet garden."

"I think it the jolliest garden in the world. Ours is nothing to compare to this," Quinton replied, looking into her pale face, long, like her mother's, and with something of the same wistful expression in her gray eyes.

"Why?" she asked.

"Oh, I don't know; perhaps it is because I remember it so long," he answered, illogically.

"But you must remember your own garden much longer."

"Of course; but it has never been so pleasant as this. What fun we used to have here when I was a boy and you were a mere child."

"Well, you were only in jackets and big, lined collars, and on Sundays a tall hat that used to make me laugh when I saw you going to church."

"And you had dolls and a skipping rope."

"You used to skip, too," she said, laughing at the comical picture he presented to her mind's eye, he joining in her laughter.

"Do you remember the day I fell from that tree when I was getting the apples from the top bough?" Quinton asked.

"And I burst out crying because I thought you were killed."

"You liked me then," he said shyly.

"You must remember I was only a mere child," she answered, smilingly.

"But you are not a mere child now, Veronica, and—"

"Don't—don't," she said, in a low, agitated voice.

"Then I used to dream of doing the most daring things in the world for your sake. I used to wish you were drowning, that I might save you, or that you were being run away with by a wild horse that I might rush out and clutch at his bridle with a wrist of steel, or that your house was burning, that I might climb into a window and carry you out fainting in my arms."

"That was because you read boy's penny-dreadful stories," she replied, her eyes looking away from his.

"Maybe the form of serving was suggested by them, but the same desire is there still, you know. I would do anything for you."

"Perhaps you have done much already; it was you who saw that man, the foreigner, on that dreadful night, and you were the first to tell the inspector," she said, shudderingly.

"You don't know how proud, how happy it would make me if I could help in tracking the scoundrel."

"I think I do," she remarked, timidly.

"Veronica," he began, in an impressive tone, "do you ever think of me?"

"I see you so often, how can I help thinking of you?" she replied, with feminine evasiveness.

"But you know what I mean," he said, his dark eyes fixed on her with an earnestness, felt rather than perceived. "Do you think of me when you don't see me?"

CHAPTER XIV.

"And—
the lad continued, the emotion he felt almost choking him, "do you care for me?"

"You ask so many questions."

"What matter? Answer this one and I'll ask no more at present."

"Yes," she replied, touched by his earnestness, "I care for you very much."

"You do!" he cried out, as if this admission caused him the greatest surprise, for by that strange contradiction which governs all true lovers he would depreciate himself in his own eyes in proportion to the force with which he loved her. You really care for me. Who—"

"Don't say any more, Quinton," she pleaded, a happy confusion visible in her face.

"Only this; that no matter what happens, I shall love you all the same."

"Always, the same," she said, dreamily. "Always. And when the time comes that I can support myself, then—"

"Look!" she exclaimed, interrupting him; "here is mother."

Quinton, raising his eyes, saw Olive Dumbarton standing on the balcony outside the drawing-room window, toward which Veronica was then running.

"Come down, mother; come down and see the sunset," the girl cried out.

"Is it not cold, dear?"

"No; it is a perfectly lovely afternoon; you will enjoy it, come."

"Olive Dumbarton looked at the young flushed face before her, and some memory of her own bright youth came back to her across the darkened years. Throwing a lace veil around her head, she descended the steps leading to the garden.

Quinton, with an air of confusion, advanced to meet her, but Veronica would not give him time to speak nor allow her mother to talk to him. She felt the need of expressing her emotion.

"Look at the sunset; isn't it glorious this afternoon?" the girl said quickly. "If you come here you will see the branches of this tree spread like a network across the red sky. Isn't it beautiful? And have you noticed that tiny streak of gold just touching the green down low?"

The three stood and gazed in silence for some seconds.

Then Veronica spoke again, but in a softer, slower voice, in whose undertones tenderness lay.

"I think this world might be a beautiful and happy place if— She broke off suddenly, sighed, and, slipping one arm within her mother's, drew close to her side.

"If there was no trouble," suggested Olive Dumbarton.

"Your trouble I hope will soon be over," Quinton said.

"God grant it," Olive Dumbarton answered.

It happened, one bracing, blustery October morning that Mackworth, having just left his house with the intention of seeing what results had attended these investigations, noticed a man's figure advancing up the street and pausing now and then to examine the numbers of the houses he passed. In this figure Mackworth almost immediately recognized Pietro, the collar of whose overcoat was turned up around his neck, a woolen muffler covering his mouth, a wide-brimmed soft hat shadowing his features.

Catching sight of Mackworth, the model hastened toward him, saying: "Ah, it is you, signor."

"Have you been looking for me?"

"Yes. I came by the train underground to King's Cross, and then I find your street; but it's so long, and the houses, they are all alike."

"Well," said Veronica, impatiently.

"They have been able to assure him that the foreigner, Mezza, left Paris for London the day after your husband arrived here."

"But you must remember your own garden much longer."

"Of course; but it has never been so pleasant as this. What fun we used to have here when I was a boy and you were a mere child."

"Well, you were only in jackets and big, lined collars, and on Sundays a tall hat that used to make me laugh when I saw you going to church."

"And you had dolls and a skipping rope."

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"And I burst out crying because I thought you were killed."

"You liked me then," he said shyly.

"You must remember I was only a mere child," she answered, smilingly.

"But you are not a mere child now, Veronica, and—"

"Don't—don't," she said, in a low, agitated voice.

"Then Mackworth is on the Italian's track," exclaimed Quinton.

"But has he found him?" queried Veronica.

"Found him?" repeated Valerius, drawing in his breath between his closed teeth. "Not yet."

"The time will come," cried out Quinton, a look of happiness and triumph illumining his dark face, his eyes turned toward Veronica.

"This is the beginning of the end," said Olive Dumbarton. "My heart is already freed from its burden."

"Don't, don't," she said in an agitated voice.

RAIN COATS

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come two days before; that he was going to play in the orchestra when the opera began in the autumn."

"What else?" inquired the inspector, whose expectations were thoroughly roused.

"He says nothing more. Lorenzo, he thought him drunk, for Mezza would say little; he did not wish to talk, and Lorenzo let him go."

"But," Mackworth asked anxiously, "didn't he ask Mezza where he was staying?"

"No; but Lorenzo saw him leave a house in Clerkenwell, a lodging house kept by an Italian woman, Maria Rossi, in Summers street."

Mackworth made a hasty note of the address.

"He was staying there?"

"Lorenzo did not know," replied Pietro, shrugging his shoulders.

"When did he meet him again?"

"He sees him no more."

"Or heard of him?"

"No. Lorenzo, he thinks Marco must have gone away again. He would go and ask for him at the house, but Mezza, he was not friendly. You see, signor, he did not come to Hammersmith because he would meet me. I ask him in my letter for the money he owe me; he make no answer, and he did not come near me."

"I will see your friend. What's his name?"

"Lorenzo Bartolini."

"Where is he to be found?"

"He makes stores in a shop in King's Cross road; I don't know the number, but you will easily find it, signor."

"I am glad you are here; the air will serve you," he said, addressing his cousin.

A quarter of an hour later and Mackworth had found the shop in the King's Cross road, entering which, he asked for Lorenzo Bartolini, when a low-sized, thick-set man in his shirtsleeves, and with his face, hands and head all covered with white powder, came from the workshop at the back to see him.

Lorenzo, whose black, round eyes assumed a startled expression when his visitor's calling was made known to him, appeared willing to give whatever information he could; but that was little in itself, and conveyed nothing more than what Pietro had already stated. This man had never known Mezza intimately, but had seen him a few times when he had stayed with Pietro in Hammersmith, and had fallen into that friendly intercourse which foreigners in a strange land quickly form. He had, therefore, been surprised when Marco would have passed him without speaking, and, thinking it was accidental, Lorenzo had stopped him.

But Mezza had wished to hold no conversation with his acquaintance soon became plain to the latter, who accordingly went his way without learning much of the man he had encountered. The chief impression Lorenzo carried away from this meeting was that Mezza was drunk.

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"Well, he couldn't speak plain enough. It was not that, but his manner—it was confused."

"Could that have been because he had met a countryman whom he wished to avoid?"

"But we had never quarreled."

"He may not wish to have been seen by you."

"That may be true."

"Did he mention Pietro's name?"

(To be continued.)

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